School of Theology at Claremont
1001 1326473

The Library

SCHOOL OF THEOLOGY AT CLAREMONT

WEST FOOTHILL AT COLLEGE AVENUE
CLAREMONT, CALIFORNIA

A MAN FROM THE ROCKS AND HEATHER

4501
S74

A MAN FROM THE ROCKS AND HEATHER

BY

WILLIAM SOUPER, M.A.

"Initium Sapientiæ Timor Domini"

"They haif said. Quhat say they? Lat them say"

LONDON
JAMES CLARKE & CO. LIMITED
9 ESSEX STREET, STRAND, W.C.2

Theology Library
SCHOOL OF THEOLOGY
AT CLAREMONT
California

Printed in Great Britain

TO MY YOUNG FRIEND

JAMES L. SOUPER, B.Sc.

OF THE PUBLIC WORKS DEPARTMENT, WAD MEDANI

SUDAN

CONTENTS

Chapter		*Page*
I.	Childhood	9
II.	The Days of Youth	21
III.	Early Manhood	30
IV.	Life Among the Hills	38
V.	London	46
VI.	Italy—Rome	53
VII.	America	63
VIII.	In Quest of Personality	72
IX.	In Quest of Realities	79
X.	To-Day—Movement	86
XI.	"Circumspice!"	96
XII.	Afterward and Beyond	104

CHAPTER I

CHILDHOOD

I TELL the story as he told it to me. "Let us walk softly," he said; "for we walk among fragile and subtile things; the things of the spirit of man, and we see them in a glass darkly, as an enigma."

One of my earliest memories is playing with a toy goat, made of china-clay, and this, with the aid of pieces of soft woollen stuff, led me into the realms of romance, into the land of adventures. I built up hills, with valleys between, and sometimes a castle on a hill, and a hut in a valley, and there I wandered in delight with my goat and other goats, which my imagination created with the greatest ease, and my flock and I shared many adventures.

I have no knowledge as to how I had the idea of hills and valleys, of a palace and hut; all I can say is that, perhaps, some picture or some word of my mother's, or another's, may have been the fertile germ of these imaginings; but I know

that I am not weaving the knowledge of later life into these experiences of childhood—these *were* the experiences. The memory has cherished what was actual; it has not created an illusion.

And now, as I am talking to a friend, and, perhaps, through you to others, I shall moralize on this for a moment. The child of to-day is often surfeited with toys; in the number and variety of the toys given, the child finds no stimulus to the exercise of imagination. For a child to be so surfeited that emotion and imagination are unstirred, is a genuine misfortune. Better off in this respect is the child of the street, with only his mud and water and his battered tin, than the petted darling of the nursery.

Here we have a principle at once of ethics and æsthetics: simplicity quickens imagination, and is the basis of the noblest art. On simple lines, Nature builds the fairest ornament and the complex of beauty; and on simple lines, also, imaginative art builds up its places and palaces of delight. In art, as in ethics, simplicity is basal.

Another memory is associated—grotesquely almost it seems to me now—with whooping cough. I had suffered for some weeks, and was taken into the country among the pine-woods for a cure. I can still recall the delight I experienced in seeing

the long shafts of sunlight; the glimpses of the sky; the waving of the branches; and, especially, the scent of the pines abides with me. What a wonderful thing is the faculty of smell ! The odour of a sweet smell, what memories it can recall ! The fragrance of a rose, of a bunch of violets, or of heather; these bring to us visions of the past—places, persons, emotions, that have remained waiting silently till the veil has once again been drawn aside by the touch of a fairy hand.

Again, there is music ! A few notes of a song, a phrase from an oratorio, will transport us in time and place to scenes long past; we see vanished faces; we hear voices long stilled; we experience the swell of emotion; less in volume, indeed, than at first, yet marvellously strong and quickening; the past becomes once again in us a living present. Music is the spiritual in art; the language of spirit in terms of emotion and imagination; poignant in its effects upon us even to pain, or the rapture of the soul into the sphere of joy and bliss. Music is the language of Eternity.

Odours, flowers, music have in them something miraculous; yet it is not by them, but by our immortal spirits that the miracle is wrought. It is we who transmute them into the quint-

essence of personality; it is we who are spiritual alchemists.

Again, there is the sea! I was born by the sea, and grew to manhood within sight of the immeasurable rippling laughter* of its waves; from earliest childhood I heard the sob and the sigh of its many waters. The sight and the sound of the sea pass into our spirits; become part of ourselves, our eternal possession. From childhood the sea possessed me, and very early I felt its mystic influences. I am at one with Petronius, when, in one of his gracious moments, he wrote: "Here is the fountain's pool; there the gulf washes up its weeds; there is a sure haven for quiet desires. I have had life in full, for never will harsher fortune snatch from us what earlier life gave us." (84. P.L.M.)

But there is also the stormy winter sea; the very symbol of unrest and of cruel power. Nothing gives the grown man such an utter sense of weakness—that is, nothing *outside* him—as the sea, when lashed into raging fury by the north-east wind, and dashing mountainous waves on the sheer granitic cliffs. I shall never forget an experience of boyhood. I stood with others on a beetling cliff, which shivered with each shock of the waves, and

* Kumaton anerithmon gelasma.

helplessly watched four ships founder, one turning turtle, and all going down with every hand on board.

I have felt at times something of an undefinable dread, almost a loathing of the sea; something akin to hatred of its monstrous strength and cruelty. Like St. John, who had watched the sea in all its moods from his cave in Patmos, I could hail the day when there shall be no more sea to sunder hearts, no more sea to drag man and his so-great ships into its devouring depths. It is my love and fear for a noble vessel, such as the *Olympic*, in which I have voyaged, that leads me to dread the sea; and yet the summer sea at morning, or under the moon, is as fascinating as the most gracious and beautiful woman.

The sea at the door, as it were; and then, inland, a farm, where holidays were spent. One can recall, after all the years, the cock stalking dignified in front of his following; the turkey, "bubbling" and strutting red-necked in his wrath; the neighing of the horses, the plash of the milk into the milking pails; the snatches of song of the ploughman, and the smell of mother earth turned up to sun and rain by his ploughshare; and the many things on a farm which interest a child, and give him knowledge of nature and of creatures; and unconsciously to

himself, enlarge his interests and his sympathies—in a word, enrich his personality.

I have no recollection of being taught the alphabet; but only of being taught by my maternal grandfather the letters and pronunciation of the word "Spectator," printed on the cover of a little book, entitled, "Sir Roger de Coverley and the Spectator Club." To this hour I love Addison and the "Essays," and no statue in Poets' Corner in Westminster Abbey gives me such keen pleasure as the handsome and dignified figure of Addison.

This early association—I was not quite four years of age—awakened in me, I believe, a life-long love of literature; that and the gift of a small, brown, old-fashioned copy of the Bible, illustrated with wood-cuts. I gazed time after time on these quaint pictures, being especially fascinated with two of them. One of these was the return of the spies—the twelve chosen men of the Tribes of Israel—with an immense cluster of the grapes of Eschol, hanging from a pole, the ends of which rested on the shoulders of two men; and the other was a picture of Daniel in the den of lions. These stirred in me at once the religious and the artistic sense. I do not say they were works of art in a high sense; but there was something genuine and

authentic in them, and that was the effect they had on the child.

Religion and art are not contradictory; they are complementary. And with the years this conviction has deepened and strengthened. Art is not, indeed, religion; but true art is essentially religious, and art, whether in the form of architecture, sculpture, painting, literature or music, is the expression, emotionally and mentally, of the beautiful—the beautiful and the good of the Greeks*; and religion is the expression of the highest beauty, which is the spiritual in nature and in man. I have increasingly learned to grasp what he meant, who wrote of old: "He hath made everything beautiful in his time, yet hath He set eternity in their hearts." The eternal set in the hearts of men, in the centre of human personality, and the linking of the beautiful with the eternal, is His expression of the relations of art and religion.

If through nature and from nature we can rise to nature's God, then certainly the beautiful is religious, for beauty is the one thing more than is necessary, which is always and everywhere found in nature. Man often has to make choice between beauty and utility: Nature, or rather God, solves the problem by the union of beauty and utility.

* Kalon k'agathon.

Though the cult of beauty is not religion, yet beauty is religious; for beauty is the expression of the presence of God in nature. Look out upon any landscape, and beauty is seen to be pervasive. God has touched nature with His plastic hand: He has looked upon her, and behold she is at once very good and very beautiful.

When I was about nine years of age I had what, in the case of a child, must be called a religious experience, and for some years its effects upon me were almost tragic. In a cottage, surrounded by a garden, lived an old gentleman, a retired planter from Ceylon. Doubtless he was a sincere soul, a good man! I was too young to be able to judge of that, and now I never confidently affirm that I can give a perfect judgment on my fellow-men and women. The more one is capable of forming a judgment, the more careful one becomes in passing judgment. Euripides wrote: "Long life (intensive life) hath taught me many things"*; the years do bring wisdom, else are we utterly foolish.

What I clearly remember is that one evening, with a number of boys older than myself, I was present at a religious meeting in the old gentleman's house. He evidently possessed a most intimate

* Polla didaskei moi ho polus biotos.

knowledge of hell; for his pictures of it were to me terrifyingly real. As he painted that region, the older people stressed the strokes of his brush with ejaculations and groans. And then the older boys, finding this to be good sport, gave lively evidence of their feelings by sobs and groans in all keys. To them it was great fun; to me it was torture. I went home, and that night had terrifying dreams of hell; of fire and smoke, and Satan chasing me, and from time to time catching hold of me, and holding me over the mouth of a flaming pit. This dream was recurrent with me for some years, and coloured my daily experience.

Why a good man should not have perceived the utter futility and hurtfulness of this method, fun on the one hand, fear on the other, puzzles one indeed!

That experience of childhood has led me as a student and teacher to be entirely sympathetic toward the sensitive child or man. Why should we not have the most sincere consideration for the feelings, the emotions and imaginings of the child? why should men stamp such impressions on the vibrant and receptive personality of the child? Many children feel poignantly, and their emotions are neither shadowy nor transient.

The personality of the child is the sphere of the

most complex and subtle potencies, and such early experiences enter into the life-sap of personality; so that it is impossible wholly to eradicate their influence. We do well to remember the wise saying: "The greatest reverence is due to childhood."

In this experience, dreams provided a link in the continuity of impression. Dreams are part of the real stuff of life. I believe with Lavater, when he wrote in his "Pontius Pilate," that "there is in human nature a sensorium for invisible, absent, remote, future, contingent things; for real images and sensuous symbols of such things, which sensorium, under certain influences—which in natural ways are hidden from us—may be set in motion and appointed to the perception of such things as can be perceived by no other sensorium." Æschylus finely said: "For in sleep the spirit is clear-sighted: By day the spirit's vision of the future is limited" ("Eumenides," 5: 106).

And more, I can use Shakespeare's words in a sense different from his: "We are such stuff as dreams are made of"; dreams are *sometimes* a more accurate measure of our real powers than is much of our waking experience. Our waking experience is in a sense a limiting of our powers by giving them a special direction; our powers in

working activity have not free play; but in dreams the powers of personality find scope, and we venture forth free spirits, untrammelled by the limits of time and space: time and space in dreams are entirely plastic media in the hands of personality.

In dreams I am a creative artist: a painter before whose creations even the noblest portraits by Rembrandt, or the most glowing visions of Turner, are pale! You see the "drift," do you not? In dreams I write and recite poems, whose thoughts and imagery, whose swelling rhythm and music, leave Homer and Sophocles, Shakespeare and Milton, behind; and I, who in waking moments compose neither fugue nor mass, neither oratorio nor grand opera, in my dreams compose and hear more majestic themes and strains than Bach or Beethoven, Wagner or Elgar, have scored in their noblest flights!

What is this but that in dreams I am what I would be; what, mayhap, I shall be in some fair dawn of heavenly day?

I would venture to write that, in our dreams of this nature, we are nearer our true stature; we have a greater hold of the highest than in our waking moments, our personality soars upward unhindered in its flight.

And yet, again, in dreams and visions of the night God speaks to man: He whispers in our ear. I am far from saying that all dreams are voices of God; indeed, they are sometimes "siren" and sinful voices. In the multitude of dreams there is often foolishness; yet I would persuade men to listen, and not rashly or contemptuously deny to all dreams reality and truthfulness: for in sleep also God giveth to His beloved.

CHAPTER II

THE DAYS OF YOUTH

When I recall the days of my youth, from about the age of fourteen to twenty, two emotions and thoughts rise up most vividly before me: a feeling of indignation against wrongs inflicted on others and on myself; and then an assured sense of the guiding hand of God, of the Divine wisdom and love, which led me through these trials into truth.

The cause of the indignation is this: During these years I worked with my hands, as well as with my head. The work was of the hardest—namely, granite cutting—but it was not the hardness of the work, though that taxed my strength to the utmost; it was the injustice of the conditions imposed upon us by our employers that moved us to indignation. The result was the usual one; instead of co-operation between employers and employed there was bitterness and antagonism. I understand but too well why miners have maintained for so

long their attitude of resentment against and opposition to mine-owners.

In those days, nearly forty years ago now, miners and all employed in the granite industry were regarded and treated as "hands" only; part of the machinery for making profits for their employers. I may be wrong; but I still feel an honest pleasure in the fact that, as a lad in my teens, I joined with men older than myself and organized a "Trade Union," and helped in starting a paper to advocate our just claims to be treated as men, and not as machinery; and I am happy also in being able to record that we succeeded in goodly measure in our efforts.

The memory of these austere happenings is softened also by the recollection of interludes of the humorous in our meetings and harangues; for I was then in the opinion of my fellows a successful humorist and a fervent orator! Oh, for the days that are no more!

That was one aspect of my youthful experience: certainly not unique, but not common to the many. The effect upon myself has been a life-long sympathy with and intuitive understanding of the lives and experiences of toilers in the hardness of their hands and the sweat of their brows: for I have spent sleepless nights, with pain in hands and

muscles from toil, and I have often made wet the hard stone with the sweat falling from my brow.

The experience was too harsh; in some measure too hard for one so young and sensitive; yet I trust and think it was not without value in the building up of character, and in the gaining of courage to fight the good fight in faith and hope in God and man.

This fight I could not have maintained alone: I was supported to the utmost and cheered on by my supremely unselfish, loving, and devoted mother. And now for other aspects of youthful experience, not austere, but pleasant as experiences and in retrospect.

My first holiday from home was to a district of hills and streams; of lake and fell. The scale is not great, but the beauty is. From this time onward two aspects of nature became my possessions, and the first was the beauty of sunset among the hills. Sunrise, perhaps, might be more natural for youth, and for years I was a sunrise lad, but it was sunset that first became mine. I stood on the tower of a castle, and saw the sun set among and behind the hills; and on the horizon line was a herd of deer come to drink at Mona's Rill. There was the rich mellow glow of the sun, the dark pines, and the deer silhouetted against the sky: peace, and a certain

ineffable sense of beauty passed into my spirit. I felt with intensity, and still feel so, the truth of John Greenleaf Whittier's exquisite lines on sunset:

> But beauty seen is never lost,
> God's colours all are fast,
> The glory of this sunset heaven
> Into my soul has passed.
> A sense of gladness unconfined
> To country, date, or clime;
> As the soul liveth, it shall live
> Beyond the years of time.

Since then I have seen sunsets in Switzerland and Italy, more splendid in scale and in intensity of colour; but that view from the castle tower was my first vision, and our experiences never repeat themselves in precise quality; we never dip our hands twice in the same stream; we can say also with Petronius: "We have lived our life; yet fortune in her harsher mood will never be able to snatch from us the truth and beauty life has once given us" (*Petronius—Poem* 84).

Again there was a lilied lake lying in the valley, and from an island on its bosom floated across the water the sound of sweet music from the hearts and lips of happy singers. Water and lilies and music; symbols of the beauty and the joy of life!

Long years after, I experienced like emotions when sitting by Lake Leman on a moonlight evening, looking over the trembling waters, and gazing on the summits of the encircling mountains, which melted into the sky in that mystic atmosphere; and so on another evening, when sitting by the Grand Canal in Venice, I heard the song of singers wafted across the lapping waters. The sense of the beauty of mountain and lake, of lily and song, is an enrichment of the range and quality of personality.

And once again I can never forget with what beatings of heart and hope I walked very early one morning, when both men and Nature were asleep, to take train for Edinburgh. With what intensity of emotion and expectation I walked that morning. I had from early boyhood read Scott's novels and poetry, and thus was steeped in the romantic atmosphere—and to every Scotsman Edinburgh is a city of the heart—of the emotion, and the imagination, enriched with historic memories. The feeling is characteristic of mankind; to every one the memories and the love of his native city, or village, or homestead are sweet and becoming; to none more so than to an Athenian of the fifth century B.C., and to a Scotsman of the twentieth, A.D.

But more to me than even the city itself were the men and women thronging its streets. How

hungrily I gazed at the passing throng, and looked eagerly into the faces of individuals; trying in my boyish way to picture their temperaments and experiences. I had, and have the inward stirrings and interests and impulses of the dramatist, but lack the power of dramatic architecture; yet from that day to this I have felt increasingly how dramatic human life is; how the actual experiences of men and women; their joys and sorrows; their hopes and fears; their successes and failures, transcend all dramas of the stage. When I have stood in the thronging ways of London, or Paris, or Milan, or New York, and even more in Rome, though the stage is smaller, the sense of the tragedy and comedy of life has swept over me, as the waves when the sea swings in with white breakers.

What gifts to youth are ignorance of the future and hope! Some may smile at the thought of ignorance in any form as a gift; but such it is. To know what the future will bring us would make all but the very stoutest hearts quail, and even they would falter. To know beforehand the sufferings and sorrows, the difficulties and disappointments that beset life's way, would unnerve and make us fearful—unfit to go forward with the courage needed for the days. By the Divine benevolence we see and can take but one step at a time. It is

well for us that we do not know how much our way leads up the rough and wind-swept hill-side, and through the narrow paths that lie in deep shadow. But Hope gives us wings: Hope is ever aspirant. In youth we take our flight into the unknown: quick emotions and vivid imagination are the wings of Hope, and on them we joyously fare forth into the unknown. And however much Ruskin railed at the figure—Hope is yet an anchor of the soul, sure and steadfast; an anchor that does not drag in the night of storm. To hope to the end is to reach the end; to find that the dawn cometh up, and with it joy. We would almost exchange the knowledge, the wisdom, the balanced and sympathetic judgment, that the years bring us, for the youthful passion and power of hope: there is no light like the light of the morning.

As to other experiences of youth, mine were common to and shared by all healthy lads: school, walks, running, rowing—but not à la Cambridge or Oxford—and especially cricket, which I loved, and still love. At the close of this stage of life there comes to not a few the open vision. We realize the fatherly love of God in Jesus, and we enter in humility of heart and mind upon the peace of God. I do not say that we then possessed, or even now perfectly possess, that peace; rather that

peace possesses us; but we entered on it, and that peace stretches out before us, fair as the garden of the Lord; a place of fountains and of streams of living water. Such was the experience of Francis de Sales: as a lad, his soul was disquieted within him; but by and by light and grace flowed into his spirit, and he entered on the path which shines more and more until the fulness of the day.

This is the supreme and regulative experience of the spirit of man. By whatever paths he may be led to this experience—and the paths are as many as the men—it is central and centrifugal; and on it depends his entire course; his aims and ideals for time and eternity. This experience of the spirit is supreme; it is more emotional than intellectual; though it is both.

It is the flight of the spirit; it is the going forth of personality to Christ; it is never contradictory of reason, but soars where reason cannot. I have seen an eagle rise from a rocky summit—the rock is reason—and mount up, slowly at first, right into the face of the sun, till he was lost to my ken. Such is the flight of faith and love. This experience is the starting-point for the potentialities of personality; it is the dawn at once of all noble intuitions, and of comprehensiveness of outlook upon the universe and man. With it comes the power of vision,

the vision of God everywhere in the universe, alike in its vastness and unity, and in its perfection of details; the vision of art, of painting, poetry, and music; and the growing power of resolving the discords of life in the harmony of Divine wisdom, patience and love: it is Eternal Life.

CHAPTER III

EARLY MANHOOD

My early teachers were really only two: one, the master of the elementary school; the other, the rector of the grammar-school (the Barn) in the old university town by the North Sea. The first was not a scholar in the technical sense, but he was a man of distinctive character and ability as a teacher. He was in advance of his time in his views and practice as to education. He did not "cram" us boys; he endeavoured to draw out our faculties; to quicken our emotions toward all that was good and true and lovely; to awaken our interest in nature and in our fellow-men. He aimed at making us courteous and kind; truthful in speech and action; healthy and wholesome boys. A few of his pupils have become scholars, and not a few straight and manly men. He died a few years ago: I render my tribute to his memory.

The other, the rector, was a scholar; a fine

Latinist, and a lover also of our mother tongue; but I have always felt—though some of his pupils think very differently—that, excellent man and technical teacher as he was, his method was wrong. In his eyes youth was simply and wholly a preparation for manhood and its labours: so far as I could and can judge, he did not realize that youth in itself is an integral part of life, and should, though preparatory, live its own life and have its own joys. Youth was a training ground for the contest of life: certainly he was Pauline in his conception of life as supremely a contest, a contest with him for knowledge, even more than for character, one felt, while under his training. If any of us lacked iron in our blood, we certainly came to owe him some drops of that necessary fluid.

Who that was ever taught by that rector can forget the Friday mornings, when the results of the weekly Latin version, that is a passage of English translated into Latin prose, were declared? I have seen a brave lad become ghastly pale, and even shed tears, when he found that he had lost his place in class through "a maxie," or some simpler error. The glance of the rector made the lad feel, wrongly, that he was a sinner; not simply that he had made a mistake. Life was too austere; too lacking in spontaneity and the genial abandon of

youth. Yet withal, not a few fine scholars and true men were, in measure at least, moulded by him. His name lives honoured in the records of his University: and he was worthy the honour.

Later came the University; and I can never forget the joy with which, having gained a bursary, I donned the scarlet gown with its deep velvet collar, and walked over "the Spital" to "King's" in the clear, frosty morning; talking, laughing with my fellows; sometimes engaging in a snow-ball fight: we were but boys of a bigger growth.

And then there were the "class rags" between Bajans and Semis; between Tertians and Magistrands; and the debates in the University Society, and supremely the rectorial election with its jollities, and occasional horseplay, with the outpourings of youthful oratory preceding the election, frequently interrupted by the speaker being pulled down, or a student being "passed up" by his fellows from the lower to the higher benches. Joyful days these, yet not without anxieties as to "exams," and ways and means: there was no Carnegie Fund in those days!

One result of all this was a fairly wide range of knowledge in the Classics and English Liter-

ature, in Mathematics and Science, Logic and Metaphysics; a knowledge, at least, of how to handle the tools of knowledge; the starting of one on the right road to the attainment of a wider and also more specialized knowledge in later years. And besides, there were the associations and friendships with one's fellows; the give and take of life; talk, laughter, song; admiration, hope, visions; the admirable complex of student life.

Two of the professors in the University influenced my emotions and the direction of my thoughts more than the others. The first was the late Principal Sir William Geddes—then Professor William Geddes. To some, with his handsome and commanding figure, his Jove-like front, he seemed too formal—almost over-bearing. To myself, he was a gracious, kind, and gentle man, as well as an inspiring teacher.

It was a delight to not a few of us to hear him linger lovingly over some favourite line in Homer, Æschylus, or Euripides, or again to see the lover's smile that came over his fine features when he pointed out to us where "Digamma" had once been—to him the loved and lost Digamma. I cherish greatly his edition of "The Phædo," which shows him to be a scholar as sound and wide and

accurate, if a little old fashioned, as the most brilliant of classical scholars to-day. I loved his stately if rather stilted translations: and I loved and admired the scholar and the man.

The other was, in his day, a really gifted, brilliant, and attractive man, Professor William Minto.

If " Geddes " gave one something of the sense of the antique, Minto gave one the sense of the modern and accomplished man of the world and of letters, and, certainly, he was an able, accomplished, and charming man. His speciality, and that which gave free and full opportunity for the expression of his knowledge and tastes, was English Literature. To use a boy's phrase, " he was really splendid in English literature." His enthusiasm, the note in his voice, vibrant of emotion and admiration, when he was dealing with some favourite writer, was thrilling and inspiring to the emotion and imagination of the young student. I thought, and I still think him an able logician, brilliant and sound both in Deductive and Inductive Logic. His lectures on Psychology—and I think from the twinkle in his eyes, when he was delivering them, he knew it—were simply " trash ! " How so able a man as Minto could make up his mind to deliver such mingled mud to Scottish students has always puzzled me.

But that is by the way: he was a genuinely lovable and inspiring man and teacher, and, with many others, I sincerely mourned, and still mourn, his early departure.

. . . . . .

From the University I passed to "The Theological Hall," as it was then called. There I became somewhat of a specialist. Theology and Church History were my subjects, but always I roamed in the pleasant fields of literature, ancient and modern, with glimpses of modern science. The four years I spent in "Divinity" were to me the pleasantest years of life. The studies were congenial, my fellow-students were congenial. We were now free from anxiety as to immediate ways and means, for most of us had scholarships, and some, like myself, took pupils, and so we had sufficient for our simple wants and enjoyments. We had much personal intercourse; we were interested in everything; certainly nothing that was human was alien to us then. We talked and talked, laughed and sang, and, at times, smoked too many cigarettes; and some of us were lovers, and some were not. Life was very pleasant then.

In my theological studies, the teachers who most influenced me were Principal S. D. F. Salmond

and Principal James Ivernach. Principal Salmond was distinctively the scholar and teacher. He was a brilliant pupil of Principal Geddes, and I always felt something of a family resemblance between the two in their scholarship and outlook, though Principal Salmond was distinctively a modern.

Principal Salmond was often regarded as a rather cold and even proud man, but such he assuredly was not. He was a shy, scholarly, sensitive man, but not a proud man. When college days were over, I had him stay days with me in my manse, and a more simple and kindly man it would be difficult to find. I have "lilted" to him Scottish songs by the hour, and he simply revelled in them. I owe to Principal Salmond deep personal gratitude, and the sense of the necessity and value of breadth and accuracy in one's knowledge. He was a great toiler; he passed to his rest a good many years ago. "The memory of the just is blessed."

The other, Principal Iverach, was a man of powerful grasp and range intellectually, one who stirred thought in us, and gave us a contempt for slipshod thinking. May his work continue to be read and studied, as it well merits.

. . . . . .

And so ended the somewhat lengthened preparation for the work of life. What I rejoice to think now is that these stages were not merely training-grounds for future work; they were also good in themselves: we lived our lives.

CHAPTER IV

LIFE AMONG THE HILLS

When I had finished my theological course, I was for some time what is known in Scotland as "an assistant." My chief was the Rev. Doctor Ogilvy, uncle to Sir James Barrie, the novelist and dramatist. Mrs. Barrie, the mother of Sir James, was for some time resident in the manse, and I knew her and Dr. Ogilvy rather well. It was easy to see whence Sir James derived his delicate and dry touch of humour. Both the Doctor and Mrs. Barrie were excellent story-tellers, with a keen sense of humour. I remember her telling me that "Jamie, when a bairn, was a very poor sleeper, and seemed from his movements in the cradle and in bed to dream much." Rather suggestive, that, in view of his later career!

There, also, I met a remarkable man, the late Principal Rainy. I was alone with him for some hours one day, and he poured out, while sitting in an arm-chair, with eyes closed and hands folded, a

remarkable utterance of the Spirit that was in him. He strongly affirmed that by choice he was no ecclesiastic; that position was pressed upon him in earlier life, and he accepted it as part of the Divine order for him. He was, he affirmed, naturally and by preference a mystic and a theologian; and though I cannot give details of the utterance, the impression abides with me that Dr. Rainy was, what he claimed to be, a deeply mystical Christian thinker.

Owing to the effect of a severe attack of scarlet fever, caught while visiting among miners and iron and steel workers, I moved, on medical advice, from the smoke and noise of a mining and manufacturing area to the solitude and silence of a Highland glen. This change eventually restored me to physical strength, but proved very testing for me on the nervous side of my nature.

The silence that is among the lonely hills, and the sense of isolation from my fellows during the long stern months of winter, affected me deeply. I felt Nature, the mountains and the winds and the snow-storms, almost overwhelming. I found that women especially, and sometimes even a solitary gamekeeper, felt overpowered, and had to seek change from time to time elsewhere; Nature is at once beautiful and terrible. The valley and the slopes of the hills were clad in grey and green, with

at times a dash of purple in the summer, and in dazzling white often in winter.

I have stood late on a summer evening so perfectly still in my garden that the hedgehog has taken me for inanimate; rested himself on my feet, the while softly licking and stroking his quaint little head and snout. In winter I have stood at midnight in moonlight and watched the swift iridescent gleaming of the snow on the mountain summits, while the silence was broken from time to time only by the cry of a solitary night bird. There was no sound from the river; it was frozen: hills and valley and trees and the dwellings of men and the houses of God were all arrayed in white robes. All was beautiful, solemn, strong; but I felt an awe, an oppression of spirit.

Nature is too mighty for man; his spirit is overwhelmed within him; he cries out for the sight and the sympathy of his fellow-men. I have felt the same in later years when walking amid the stern solitudes of the Alps; when passing through the "Great St. Bernard" Pass; amid bare and blasted rocks; the very iron ribs of the earth thrust up; swept with wind and rain; scarred and worn with ice and melting snow.

It is neither healthy for the body, nor helpful for the spirit of man, to live for years, and all the year

round, among the mountains. The dwellers among the rocks are often attacked by phthisis and rheumatism, and their nerves often shattered by the solitude and might of the mountains. I did not succumb to the physical influences; but my spirit suffered within me. I gained some first-hand knowledge of the habits of certain creatures: I knew the paths and habits of the deer in summer and winter, the habitat and flight of certain birds, the instincts and ways of certain insects.

I saw the beauties of sunrise and of sunset and of moonlight on the stainless peaks; but however interesting such knowledge may be, it is not the most precious for men—the price paid for it may be too high. I found that Nature was not so plastic to personality as literature and life are: Nature forced her way rather into the citadel of personality.

In summer time we had "visitors"—men and women from the cities of Scotland and England; from the Continent and America; from India and Egypt, and even from Australia occasionally. I offered simple hospitality to all such.

When man becomes a "visitor," he suffers a change—shall we say it?—into something new and strange. In one aspect of him he becomes an irresponsible being—he is remote from his usual surroundings; his habits of life are broken in upon;

he becomes a less conventional being. I have seen a well-known and titled physician transformed into a most unconventional person. When I saw him some years ago in London I could not but smile. He came out of a fashionable West End club, and stepped into his carriage beside his wife. Here all was propriety and convention: the well groomed, courtly physician and man of the world. Years before, I used to meet and talk with him; when, for example, he had stepped off his bicycle, dusty, collarless, in well-worn tweeds; happy and cheery as a boy. Yet the court physician of the West End and the cyclist of the glen, were the same man!

. . . . . .

Other visitors were full of curiosity, keen to know about the habits and "sayings" of the natives and their traditions; curious especially as to the ways of the court and household of the Queen—Queen Victoria, and later of King Edward and Queen Alexandra. I had the opportunity of seeing and knowing something of Queen Victoria's household from within. I was "presented" to her at least once, sometimes twice, every year—and saw something also of King Edward's household ere I left for other scenes and more stirring activities.

Now, as many have said their say about Queen

Victoria, I also will give very concisely my conception of her as a woman. With all her homeliness of appearance and dress on ordinary occasions—of course, I knew her only in the last years of her life —there was yet a genuine dignity in her manner and appearance: especially one felt this in regard to her eyes, and in the beautiful tones of her voice. Her voice was certainly one of the most musical and finely modulated I have ever heard; and I have heard her conversational tones, and once heard her read, and read beautifully, a speech in the open air. In mental capacity she was keen, but limited in her range; she would not have been a remarkable woman in any ordinary position in life; but from her varied and rich experience of men and affairs, she became a remarkable woman, endowed with a keen mind and a wide range of knowledge of life. The impression she left upon me was that, by natural temperament she was imperious and self-willed, and yet had a truly loving and sympathetic heart, and not least toward the humblest.

I would say that it is very difficult for an outsider to form a just judgment of a sovereign and of his or her court. Not a little that I saw was becoming and good; nothing for which either sovereign was personally responsible was unworthy. Of the warm and kindly personal interest of Queen

Victoria in her people in that district I had many proofs, as I often visited in their homes and heard their stories. Later I saw the geniality and heartiness of King Edward, and the gracious sympathy of Queen Alexandra. To myself both Queen Victoria and King Edward were gracious and courteous; extending to me hospitality on which I had no conventional claim.

The meaning of this aspect of life, as it appealed to me spiritually, was how wise was the saying of the son of Jakeh: "Remove far from me vanity and lies: give me neither poverty nor riches; feed me with food convenient for me." And alas, how many are the temptations and seductions of court life; temptations of the spirit; temptations and seductions to the sensuous, and even the sensual: soft raiment and silken couches are enervating: better the Carpenter's cottage of Nazareth than the King's Court! Men and women have lived worthily in courts; I have known such: they are worthy of honour for their virtue and their victory.

Kings and Queens, no less than the humblest, have to drink the contents of the cup of life; both alike have to eat of the fruit of the tree of life; and pale death, with impartial foot, beats alike on the doors of palaces and on the huts of peasants. What is supreme and regulative for man is not the out-

ward, but the inward; the spirit of man that is in him.

There is yet another aspect of life lived in solitary places, that is worthy of mention, and that is the opportunity for genuine thinking and for mystical meditation. I found, after a time, that I could think even for hours on end; that I could pursue a line of thought resolutely, till I reached the utmost limits of my power of thought. Thus, on the concept of God I have thought, until I passed beyond thought into a condition of mystical (yet most intense) realization of the Presence and Personality of God in relation to my own personality. The experience was mystical, but it was assuredly not misty. I was most intensely conscious both of God and of myself; there was no losing of my personality in God, yet I was one with God in the Spirit.

The man who has had this experience will never forget it; the realities of the personal existence of God, and of his own personal existence, will remain for him sure foundations. To have learned this, is to owe much to solitude.

CHAPTER V

LONDON

After the silence, came the sound of the City; from the hills and the glens, from the haunts of the deer and the birds, I came to London, the home of millions of men and women and children.

What an extraordinary and increasing fascination this city exercises over the man whose passion is the knowledge and service of his fellow-men ! Its size and the complexity of its life stir wonder and awe in the sensitive heart and sympathetic imagination.

I love to stand in the portico of the National Gallery and watch the ever-changing stream of humanity that passes before one's eyes. What one sees is an epitome of the drama of human life. Men and women of almost every land and language pass by; men and women, young and old, rich and poor, learned and unlearned; joyful and sad, and little children all unknowing of life's ways are there. The multitude is the symbol of the essential unity of mankind. What heart can remain unmoved in the presence of this vision of the pathos of human life ?

For myself, I confess that sometimes a mist of tears dims my eyes while I gaze.

Then this city so vast is also so beautiful. Look east and west and north and south from the tower of Lambeth Palace when the sun begins to decline, and mark well the towers and palaces; her palaces of commerce and art, and her temples of religion, all transfigured and enriched in the suffused light; and the Thames, that ancient and stately river, glows like a river of gold, but far more beautiful than the gold of Ophir or of Ind. Surely, this is a city through which flows the river of God, making glad the hearts of its citizens! This is my spiritual vision of London; others may not see it so; it is enough for me that I see it so.

London is to me a personality, the spirit of humanity. Now, to say that one knows London either geographically or historically, or as the microcosmos of life, would be a piece of presumption of which I am incapable. One of the ablest men in Scotland Yard once told me that it took him some fourteen years to know Whitechapel, and what is Whitechapel to the whole of London? I have walked not a little in the City, and in Greater London, and have spoken to audiences in many of its areas; but I know very well that I do not know London.

This city is like that Babylon, portrayed so dramatically by the seer of Patmos—a city wherein is "the merchandise of gold and silver, and precious stones, and of pearls, and fine linen, and purple, and silk, and scarlet, and all thyine wood, and all manner of vessels of ivory, and all manner of vessels of most precious wood, and of brass, and iron, and marble, and cinnamon, and odours, and ointments, and frankincense, and wine, and oil, and fine flour, and wheat, and beasts, and sheep, and horses, and chariots, and souls of men."

Aye, bodies and souls of men and women, and every soul has its own drama! Everyone in this city is either fighting well or is faltering and falling in the conflict. Men and women in this city are either caught and ensnared with the outward, the visible, the sensuous, and often the sensual; or they have laid hold of reality, and known that the unseen things — purity, faith, hope, love—are the eternal things.

Life in this city is not a pageant, it is a palæstra, the wrestling-place of the spirits of men and women. The West End has much wealth, and its measure of culture; but it has not all the virtues. The East End has much that is crude, and even coarse; but there also are to be found men and women who have

vision and the grasp of the true, the good, the beautiful. All the saints are not in the West End; nor all the sinners in the East!

East and West you will find Gurnemanz, with his devotion and self-denying love for others; Amfortas, with his hot-blooded passion and emotional temperament; and there is Kundry, with her fleshly desires; and Klingsor, the man of the lower self, unable to conquer his evil passions, and bent on leading others into sin; and Parsifal, pure of heart, who overcomes the world, the flesh and the devil. These, and subtle gradations and combinations of these, are to be found in this modern Babylon.

For the multitudes of toilers in London I have a passion of sympathy. How hard, how worn, how bare are their lives often! It is little wonder that multitudes flock to pleasures that are often mean and squalid, or soak their bodies and souls in drink. I shall never forget looking down a grating in Westminster, where a large printing business was conducted, and seeing two lads working a machine; one at one end supplying its remorseless call for paper; while another received the sheets, which fell ceaselessly from it. It was all very well for the machine; but what of the lads? Hour after hour, day after day, they spent in this monotonous drudgery.

A machine is a machine; but a lad is an emotional, mental, and spiritual being.

Modern industry largely tends, for money's sake alone, to make men and women into machines; that is death to the man and woman. The hours of such labour, instead of being many, ought to be few, and the wage ought to be a full living wage. Our ideal is men, not machines; men and women far more precious than gold for what they are now, and still more for what they may become.

There is another and most fascinating aspect of London, and that is its wealth in the literary, artistic, and religious spheres. London is the very beating heart of the literary world: books, magazines, papers, are here poured forth in millions: public libraries are to be found in every district; and, supremely, there is that dome in the British Museum under which lie the literary riches of the ages; while the story of mankind inscribed on stone and clay, on vase and muniment, is to be read in the Museum, as nowhere else. It is as true to say of London that its atmosphere is literary, as to say that it is commercial. The subtle perfume of literature sweetens our atmosphere. In no other city are there so many opportunities for and aids to literary culture.

Again there are our priceless treasures of art in

the form of objects of vertu, statuary and painting. There is no collection of pictures in the world at once so representative and educative as the National Gallery. I know that this is to make a strong claim, and one that may be disputed when one remembers the galleries on the Continent, from Antwerp to Rome; but I venture, nevertheless, to maintain the statement. In our National Gallery we have splendid examples of the whole range of European painting; in it we can trace the history of the development of that art in Europe from the thirteenth century to the twentieth.

And yet again, London is the centre of the most spiritual of all the arts—music. Amid all the ceaseless travail and turmoil of our business life here, we can still hear the noblest strains of music ascending to the presence of the Master-musician, whose organ is the Universe, and the melody of the spheres the expression of His Divine art.

And to the man who has vision, this is the home of religion. Everywhere the temples of the living God are the landmarks, and the fairest adornments of the City. In the very centre of the City, on its highest eminence, stands St. Paul's, all glorious without and within, and by the river stands Westminster Abbey, the shrine and the glory alike of English history and religion. And still more noble

and gracious than these, is the great number of Christian men and women, living temples, true Shekinahs, dwelling-places and manifestations of the glory of God, who live and labour for Christ, for His Church, for mankind in this city, and to the farthest coasts; from the river to the ends of the earth, and the utmost bounds of the everlasting hills.

Truly this is the city of all time; most vast, most beautiful, most bountiful, the joy of the whole earth: for Commerce, for Literature, for Art and for Religion most renowned.

We honour and love our city, and we pray that she may not be lifted up to be cast down for pride: we pray that she may be humble, the handmaid of the whole earth, so that peace and prosperity may be her portion to the end of the days. "Let them prosper that love thee"!

CHAPTER VI

ITALY—ROME

When I was a lad, my mother's dream for me was that one day I should see Italy and Rome: she all but lived to realize her dream; the year after her death I went to Italy and Rome. I stayed first at Como, which for itself, and as the birth-place of that noble gentleman, Pliny the Younger—I love. "How goes life at Como?" he wrote to his friend, Caninius Rufus; "Como, your delight and mine.

"What of the pleasant villa, the ever-green Portico, the shady plane tree grove; the crystal canal with its flowery banks, and the charming lake below, which serves at once the purposes of use and beauty?"

Such was its charm in Pliny's time; such still is its charm for the responsive heart and mind. Above it is Brunate, with its quaint, barn-like Church, which I fear is no more, despite the beautiful work on its roof, by a fine painter of the sixteenth century.

Reluctantly, in one sense, I contributed somewhat to the proposed new church, on which the dear, snuffy, old curé's heart was set, and he and I talked a queer kind of French, eked out occasionally by a little Latin and Italian; but we understood each other inwardly, and my subscription and those of my two friends rejoiced the worthy man's heart. Much as I love Art, I love men more.

Going on still toward the South we visited Milan, and made a brief stay there. What abides with me is the glorious beauty of the Cathedral; one of the most perfect expressions of the mind and spirit of man in Christian architecture. As for the city itself, I did not feel it to be distinctively Italian; it is rather, to-day, a pushful, commercial city, a modern city, as Paris, Brussels, London, and New York are.

When we came to Florence, then I realized with fulness that I was in Italy, and in mediæval and Renaissance Italy. I made haste to see the Duomo and Giotto's perfect Campanile. There had been rain, and then the sun shone out in splendour, and the effect of the colour of the Cathedral, of the proportions of the Campanile, of the Baptistry, with its marvellous bronze doors, was overpowering in its beauty. I felt that I was as one walking in a dream;

and the presence of Savonarola and Michael Angelo was more real to me than the men and women around.

Next we went to Venice, floating as a flower or a garden on the waters, and St. Mark's, and the Ducal Palace, and the Grand Canal with its palaces; and the wondrous arch of sky, resting on the one hand on the summits of the snow-capped mountains, and on the other on the waters of the Adriatic, all passed into my spirit, and became part of my timeless and priceless possessions.

And then we passed through Italy till we came to Rome itself. When I saw the sombre stretch of the Campagna, and gazed on the city in the distance, and on the dome of St. Peter's, I felt that I had reached the goal of my life's longings, To one who has been taught the language, the literature, the traditions, and glories of Rome, and to one who is responsive to these things, there is a hunger of the spirit to see the actual scenes so dramatically portrayed in that literature; to see the seven hills and the tawny Tiber, the Forum, and the Capitol; the Via Appia, and away beyond the Campagna the blue line of the Sabine Hills.

Italy was to me the land of romance; the land of sunshine and blue skies; the land of passionate and joyful life. Though my youth was behind me when

I visited Italy, yet I confess that from Como to Rome, all the way—whether passing vine and olive-clad slopes, or along the plains—I felt that inward intensity of feeling, that emotion, which can be described only as rapture and romance. And when, on my first morning in Rome, I awoke in the sunshine, and went out and stood in a garden at the foot of "The Pincian," amid the scent of flowers and the murmur of fountains, and gazed over the city and at the dome of St. Peter's, which in the morning light seemed rather to come down from heaven than to be built up from the earth, my inward sense of joy was most keen and passionate.

Rome of the present may disappoint not a few, I grant, but for myself I feel that four cities satisfy my imagination; in Europe, London, Rome, Venice; in America, Philadelphia. I agree with Zola that the Forum is now a long, clean, livid trench, cleared of ivy, and bramble, where the fragments of paving, the bases of columns, the piles of foundations appear like bits of bone; but when I stood there I passed out of *that* Forum into the Forum of Cæsar and Cicero, and later of Augustus and Nero; and the scenes of the drama of those changeful and stirring days and years were enacted in my own spirit—were present to me through emotion and imagina-

tion. And again, when I gazed on the Pantheon, solemn, stately, and sublime as no other building is, on the ruins of the Imperial Palaces, on the Palatine, and on the Colosseum, ruins impressive and pathetic; and when I walked on the Appian Way, in the footsteps of proud and triumphant conquerors, and the nobler footsteps of St. Peter and St. Paul, my spirit was stirred within me to tears.

And there are scenes and impressions which abide with me with the utmost vividness: there is the Cryptoporticus, the covered way along which Caligula was returning from the theatre when he was done to death by Cherea and his associates. (See Josephus: *Antiquities* XIX., I. 14.) While I walked it, I almost realized before my eyes the terrible scene, and could feel something of the terror which Claudius, Caligula's uncle and successor, felt when he hid himself in an adjoining balcony behind the hangings of a door.

And then, at the end of this passage, there is the building known as "the house of Germanicus"; where Nero lived and played as a boy, and where Vespasian and Titus, and Trajan and Marcus the Meditative, may often have visited, and passed pleasant hours in converse with their friends. All the lower storey of this house is in perfect preservation, and four rooms are still covered with the

finest paintings, and the best preserved of any yet discovered in Rome. Along the cornices run garlands of leaves and flowers intertwined with winged figures, and fantastic landscapes in charming taste. One of the frescoes, a delightful piece of work, and still brilliant in colour, represents a Roman street, supposed to be seen through a window. This was a manner of enlarging, as it were, an apartment, and of giving the Roman houses those street views which they generally lacked.

This little house is in striking contrast to the ruins of the Imperial Palaces on the Palatine Hill—palaces so tragic in their vastness and in the extent of their ruins. "What more noble abode," says Claudian, "could the world's masters choose? On this hill, power is more majestic, and seems more conscious of its might. Here the palaces of the monarchs, raising their proud heads above the Forum, see at their feet the temples of the gods ranged round them in a circle, like outposts to protect them. Sublime sight!"

In Claudian's time all was still glorious; now all is tragic. The stately monuments, the gorgeous palaces are ruins, dust and debris; the bat and the owl are where feasted Emperors and Courtiers. And yet again there are the Catacombs, so solemn in their gloom, so pathetic in their silence. In the

Catacombs the history of primitive Christianity is almost complete. The dark entrances, the winding ways, recall the period of the persecutions. It was then that the little chapels were built, where the faithful assembled when they could no longer worship in open day. And then there are the simple inscriptions on the tombs: "Peace with thee"; "Sleep in Christ"—in such strong contrast to the garrulity of the Greek and the solemnity of Roman inscriptions. I can never forget with what intensity of feeling I looked on one of the earliest Christian attempts at statuary; a crudely-carved figure of Christ, as the Good Shepherd, with His dog at His feet, so startlingly like a shepherd and his dog which I had seen on the Campagna.

The Catacombs are deeply moving at once to the heart and mind, and they recall to us the noble lines of Prudentius in his "Burial Hymn": "Earth receive and keep in thy motherly breast this mortal spoil, which we confide to thee: it was the dwelling of a soul created by the Author of all things; it was here a spirit lived, quickened by the wisdom of Christ. Cover this body, which we place within thy breast. One day He who created it, and fashioned it with His hands, will ask thee for His work again. . . ."

And there is the Colosseum, upon which one gazes fascinated and awed; while one sees in imagination tier upon tier of spectators, in their thousands and tens of thousands; and in the area, on their raised seats, recline the Emperor and the Vestal Virgins; while from the vaults come echoing the sullen roars of the lions and the still more terrible and brutal cry from the tiers of spectators: "The Christians to the lions; the Christians to the lions!"

It is ancient Rome, not Rome of the Renaissance, that stirs me. Not that I do not admire the beauty of the Churches—St. John of the Lateran, St. Peter's, St. Paul without the walls, and the wealth of statuary and painting in the Vatican; the Apollo Belvedere, whose hair waves in the wind; the poignant Laocoon; the colour and harmony of Raphael; the almost super-human strength of Michael Angelo, as seen on the roof of the Sistine; but these do not reach my heart as do the pathetic fragments in the Forum, on the Palatine, and on the Appian Way.

Again, I see in Rome the mother of the modern nations of Europe. I see that the European peoples and the peoples of the West are her offspring; to her they owe very largely their laws and literature; their constitutions and the very tongues they speak,

and the form these tongues have taken in literature; she has been to them the *Alma Mater*, the nourishing mother, of the art of painting, as being the central home of the various Italian schools. I feel that it is wiser to say that all roads lead from Rome, rather than that all roads lead to Rome.

And, lastly, I felt and feel that Rome rather than Jerusalem is to be reckoned the first regnant home of the religion of Christ. It is true, indeed, as St. Paul wrote, that Jerusalem is the "mother of us all"; but in another and distinctive sense, Rome is the mother of us all, historically and religiously. St. Peter and St. Paul were to me the most living people in Rome. I heard no voice, I saw no face, yet they were with me. It was not amid the glowing marbles of St. Peter's or St. Paul's that I felt this presence most; but rather as I walked the Appian Way; or went to the little church of the Quo Vadis; or visited the Crypt of St. Sebastian, or the Catacombs, the dark and silent resting-places of early Christians; or walked the Via Ostiensis; and passed the pyramid of Cestus, with St. Paul on his way to death by the sword of the executioner. The Past was the Past no more: it was the living Present; time was not; but they and I were.

Italy is still to me, north and south, the land of sunshine; of light and colour, of rapture and romance. But Rome is in my heart; she is the mother of us all.

CHAPTER VII

AMERICA

After an interval of some years from the time of my visit to Italy, I had the opportunity of visiting America. I travelled some six thousand miles in the United States, and spoke in twenty-five cities; but these statistics are of interest only to myself; what may be of interest and help even to others is the interpretation of these experiences.

Facts and experiences are of value only as they have meaning for us. Our experiences are of value as we make them our inward possessions, and as we interpret them to others. We are alchemists, and can transmute our experiences into the fine gold of emotion, thought, and character.

The sea and the great ship that carried us stirred in me afresh a sense of admiration, wonder, and awe. The sea gave me an enriched sense of the might and majesty of Him in whose hand are its many waters, and the ship deepened in me the sense of the extraordinary nature of man's achievements, when he

unites with his fellows, and concentrates his energies on a common aim. Man is so weak singly; so strong unitedly. One man could not lift a single plate of the *Olympic;* yet by his combined efforts man has built up this splendid whole, which withstands the mighty buffetings of the winds and waves of the Atlantic.

One is not to think—as a good many seem to do—that New York is typical of America; New York, like other great modern cities—as London, Paris, Milan—is cosmopolitan; not an American city as such. If there is a typical America it is to be found in the "Middle West" rather than in New York.

In America I found that, vast as are its spaces, and rich as are its material resources, man remains, as elsewhere, the centre of absorbing interest.

In Italy the subjective impression was that of the Past; I inhaled it like the fragrance of rose leaves, or Parma violets; my imagination there was crowded with the living figures of Cæsar, Cicero, Augustus, Virgil, Horace, St. Peter and St. Paul, and their many-coloured experiences and activities.

In America the impression was all of the Present and the Future; I felt as if America had no Past;

it was all a Future; there is no spell of the Past, but there is the magic of the Future.

In their leading men—several of whom I met personally in Washington—I found this note and the note of idealism dominant; with them as with many others the best was yet to be. And I now give some personal proofs of this affirmation.

In Washington one day before the opening of the Senate—which I was honoured to open with prayer—I had a conversation with the then Vice-President, Mr. T. Marshall. One of his remarks to me I hold to be memorable. He said: "I am a politician, because I am a Christian. My ideal is that America should show to the world how a great country can be governed on Christian principles." Truly a noble ideal, and I honoured and honour the man who gave utterance to it.

Again I met on several occasions the then Secretary of State, Mr. Bryan. I heard him give an impressive oration on the place and power of the Bible in national life, and on another occasion, at his own home, he said to me: "People say that when I speak I always preach. Well, I grant that I do; for I was converted under 'Moody,' and all my speeches are inspired by Christian principles and ideals, and I work for the material prosperity of America, as is natural and right for this

great and as yet under-developed country; but, above all, I work for the spiritual prosperity of America."

I was invited by President Wilson to a reception at the White House, but unfortunately was unable to be present, and when a friend and I were to call later, the President was suffering from influenza, and unable to see us. But I met the President face to face at a church service, and he appealed to me as a strong and genial man, at once a thinker and idealist and a man of action.

I had a talk also with " their " Winston Churchill, the novelist, and found that he, too, was an idealist, desirous, as he said, to give expression to the character and ideals of his people.

Of course, I grant that I was privileged to meet practically only the intellectual and spiritual American, not the multitude engaged in the wide fields of trade and commerce; yet the few business men I met, and with whom I had the privilege to converse, were equally men of worthy Christian character.

These uplifting ideals are such as lead the Americans to drink deeply of the ever-springing well of hope, whose waters are for the refreshing and strengthening of the individual and the nation.

For myself, I found this spontaneity and hope-

fulness the most inspiring influence in America. We in England, in Europe, I venture to think, are not strong in hope; we were, until the Great War came upon us, becoming old and somewhat wearied by the long way we had come.

We have so much history behind us; we have, as nations, experienced so much, that we thought we had largely realized our possibilities, and the effect upon us has been that hope is weak. It may be one of the effects of the War that Europe may attain to a fresh vision; a true grasp of the noblest things; the things that make for righteousness, peace and brotherliness among men; it may be that Europe and mankind will learn that Peace has her victories *more* renowned than those of war, and so may attain to a true and steadfast hope for mankind. This may be; I cannot tell: the vision is hid from me. It is certain that the nations, as well as the individuals, in whom hope is weak, are decadent; for initiative, for virility, hope is at once indispensable and invaluable.

Where hope is, there is also quickness and keenness of emotion. The emotions of American men and women are not kept in leash; they are not stifled or suppressed. Americans are not ashamed of emotion; they are not afraid lest their emotion should be seen in their eyes, or heard in the faltering

of their voices. East and West, as it seems to me, are both more gifted emotionally than we in England, who are somewhat too dispassionate, and too cautious in our natures and activities.

Emotion is the beating heart of man's personality. Without vividness and strength of emotion man never carries his ideals, whether intellectual, imaginative, or spiritual, or all three, into powerful action: without emotion we remain cold, impassive, unloving, and unloved. Emotion is vital, is dynamic; reason is regulative. The heart, not the head, is the fountain of man's life. Without emotion in the pursuit of the vision, neither the individual nor the nation can be great.

The power of Christ is finally to be found in His Divine, infinite love; and the power of man is found to be his response to that love.

. . . . . .

Again, I was impressed in America with the strength and practical energy of the conviction in many hearts and minds that there is a Divine order in human life, in the affairs of men, in human history. As one of their greatest statesmen said to me: "If God has not a plan for human life, how can a man discover what part he is to take, what work he is to do in life?"

This is an inspiring conception and conviction, and makes the man who holds it strong for life. This conception and conviction has been one of the most powerful factors in history: in Abraham and Moses, in Paul and Augustine, in Calvin and Knox, in Jonathan Edwards and Thomas Chalmers, we find it. This faith makes great men and free peoples. He who believes in this Divine order, and with all his heart and soul and strength strives for its realization, becomes great in the sight of the Lord, and greatly serves his generation. That conviction, and the firm belief which I found in many Americans that *the Bible had been the charter of American freedom from the time of the Pilgrim Fathers to the present hour*, will make them wise and powerful—if they continue to hold them fast.

On the material side of its development, America may at present be described as crude; nothing is completed; all is in the process of becoming. Thus in many of the smaller cities—I speak especially of the "Middle West"—one street may embody the latest modern inventions; while another is like a ploughed field. America has not yet realized the strength and beauty of well-made roads—or, at any rate, has not had time to make them. She would do well to remember the Roman instinct for roads—she

has a Senate—and the sense of the value of great highways. The Roman phrase for making a road was "munire viam," and the word "munire" meant to fortify. Strong and far-reaching roads are the expression of a strong and far-seeing people.

He would be a rash man who at this hour would prophesy as to the future of nations. When he remembers the gorgeous East with its teeming millions awakening to a new sense of life and power; when he sees Europe after the throes of a titanic war, the final issues of which no man can foretell; when he sees America, so rich in material resources, and building up a people so complex in the elements of blood and temperament—the thoughtful man will be cautious of prophesying. Yet we may join with the greatest and most typical of all America's sons, when he wrote and said: "The work of the Plymouth emigrants was the glory of their age. While we reverence their memory, let us not forget how great is our opportunity." . . . "We here highly resolve . . . that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

And we shall join with the sons and daughters of America—as I have done in their own land—when they sing:

America

" Our father's God, to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing !
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light ;
Protect us by Thy might ;
Great God, our King."

CHAPTER VIII

IN QUEST OF PERSONALITY

That which makes the most vivid and objective appeal to us, when we think of ourselves, is our bodies. How excellent is the human body; how all-but-infinitely complex is its structure; how delicate and minute its details; how strong and comely in its unity; "what a piece of work is man!" Yet neither the particles nor their unity constitute personality.

There are not very many to-day who will maintain that the material body and its functions are all that man is. The materialistic view of man—so recurrently popular—is at a discount meanwhile. Men realize, and realize increasingly, that the body and its functions, however wonderful, do not constitute the whole man, the personality. There is wide agreement that man is more than matter; something different from matter; however closely that other something may relate itself with matter. And indeed, when one considers thought and

feeling, one wonders that anyone at any time could think of them either as material, or as a function of matter; that anyone could regard love as material, or as a function of matter, seems to one incredible. Nothing that we know of matter, or its functions, bears the slightest resemblance to emotion, to love.

I find matter and Spirit to be disparates; I cannot think of the one in terms of the other: all that I can do is to conceive that Spirit may originate matter, and may link itself most intimately with matter, as its vehicle; its means of manifestation and expression. I experience this in myself, and see it in others. I know that the outburst either of anger or love affects me physically; and on the other hand I know that the physical medium, when unfit, affects the spiritual expression of personality, and finally ceases to be the vehicle of Spirit. But to identify matter with Spirit, or to regard them as aspects or functions of the same thing, is, as it appears to me, a failure to think discriminatingly, to discern with accuracy the inner differences of reality.

And, again, there is memory, whereby we live in time that is past, and in space that is not, at least materially, with us. Can we think of memory as simply material, or as a function of matter? I have, of recent years, been reaching out to the idea

that memory is a psychological (not strictly a spiritual) faculty of man; a gift to him for this life only, and that it ceases with this life: he will have no need of memory in the life beyond this life. I have propounded this idea to a Cambridge philosopher, who simply will not look at it, and to a young psychologist, who takes the same attitude. I am interested, however, to learn now that Hering, an Austrian psychologist, first suggested that memory is a quality of living substance. I have read neither his work, nor Richard Semen's *Mneme;* but since I have learned of their views, after I had formed my own conception, I feel strengthened in my view that memory, however wonderful, is a gift of God to man for this life only. On the other hand, I quite realize the strength of Professor Ladd's position, when he writes: "This power (memory) is a spiritual activity, wholly sui-generis, and incapable of being conceived of as flowing out of any physical condition or made of any energy whatever." (*Physiological Psychology*, p. 430).

And again who can explain to us "the ideal," in terms of matter; "the ideal," which is an innate and essential element in personality? How is it that we finite beings have the faculty of reaching out beyond ourselves to the Infinite?

This reaching out is as true of us as is our

finitude. In our power of thought I find this element of the Infinite; and of our emotions it is certain that in their range and intensity there is that which transcends the finite.

Of course, all this brings us face to face with the difficulty of an infinite ideal, combined with finite consciousness. True, but the difficulty does not invalidate the fact; it only makes more acute our sense of the spiritual nature of man, and the mystery of personality.

Personality, as I conceive, ultimately does not belong to the sphere of the phenomenal; hence I do not expect that man will ever understand himself fully in this phenomenal and time life. The depths of personality, as Heraclitus called them, cannot be fathomed by our present plummets. The phenomenal we may be able to weigh and measure; but the spiritual transcends us in large degree, and will transcend our highest flight of vision here. Sir E. Ray Lankester gives expression to the same conception from the side of science, when he writes:

> "No sane man has ever pretended, since science became a definite body of doctrine, that we know, or ever can hope to know or conceive of the possibility of knowing, whence the mechanism has come, why it is there, whither it is going,

and what may or may not be beyond and beside it, which our senses are incapable of appreciating. These things are not 'explained' by science, and never can be." (Quoted by Prof. J. A. Thomson. *Introduction to Science*, p. 207.)

What we do know, and what we are agreed upon, is that man is a conscious, emotional, and "willing" being; not any one of these alone, but these in their inter-relations and unity. Of the whence of this unity, which we call Personality, I can only say that I believe it to be directly the created product of the Infinite and Perfect Personality, God Himself. He created—whether by an initial gift conferring on the race the potentiality of producing personalities, or whether by continued special acts, who can tell?—men who, though finite, are yet sharers of the nature of the Infinite God; finite personalities, yet made in the image of their Creator.

It is safe to say that "Personality" is the potentiality of becoming, and that becoming is the progressive realization of the Divine nature in man throughout eternity; for the finite can never exhaust the unsearchable riches of the Infinite.

One effect of this search after personality upon myself is the conviction that modern thought will have to realize more clearly the limits of thought itself, while on the other hand it will have to agree

to enlarge the number of postulates of pure thought, and also the number of spiritual postulates. I do nor forget Occam's razor: "*Entia non sunt multiplicanda praeter necessitatem*," "Entities are not to be multiplied beyond necessity"; but none the less I believe we shall do well to increase the number of our postulates. To do so, will lead to greater comprehensiveness and constructiveness in the mental and spiritual spheres. We have been agreeing upon too few foundations; hence our structures have been narrow, and their height has been limited by the narrowness of their bases. Let us agree in science, philosophy, and religion on more postulates, and we shall build more strongly and beautifully, alike in the mental and the spiritual spheres.

What I have written here is certainly not an explanation; but in it I find rest for the heart and mind; and a foundation for the upbuilding of the best character in myself and others. I cannot *prove* this position either mathematically or philosophically; yet I find it stands the test of life—it is productive of the best in myself and others.

And, finally, if I ask why we are here at all in this life, I can answer only that I BELIEVE IN GOD, as the wise and loving One, who in wisdom and love has seen good to create us as objects and

recipients of His love. It is ever the nature of love to flow forth, to find or create beings on whom to bestow love. Man finds them; God created them.

The Universe is an expression of God as Wisdom and Love, and all spirits whatsoever were created by God as those on whom He might bestow His love, and lead them by love into fellowship with Himself, which is their blessedness.

I do not deny that, to some minds, this appears an impossible view. Neither I nor any other can compel acceptance of this view; but, none the less, we hold this conception of the Universe and of spiritual beings to be at once rational and helpful in the highest degree. We know its practical worth: it works even amid all the seeming oppositions and perplexities of life.

Meanwhile, we can only walk in meditation and in reverence and humility: yet with the assurance that beyond the depth and the height there shall break for us the unclouded day—the wider and the clearer vision granted to the pure in heart, who shall see God.

CHAPTER IX

IN QUEST OF REALITIES

"When we remember what men and women are—beings endowed with an all but infinite capacity for the knowledge, love, and service of God and their fellow-men—we realize that the master motive and power of life should be the knowledge of human life, and the pursuit of the true, the good, the beautiful.

If we look first at the outward, the material order, we find that it is real, that it exists; but at first it seems to involve a contradiction. In studying the material order, we find that it presents itself to us under two aspects. The *romance of the material* is seen in this, that it is so different within itself from what appears on the surface. To the man of the multitude, the material is one thing; to the man of science, another. To the one, it is what he knows, what he feels sure of—it is what he sees and handles; to the other, matter is motion, or the potentiality of motion, and ultimately a mystery. Yet, if we

reflect justly, both these aspects of matter are real. Matter, on the surface, is what it appears to the untrained observer: it has length and breadth and weight: he sees and handles it, and in various forms he eats it, and lives by the material. Matter is not an illusion, still less a delusion; it is a reality; but a reality of the *second order*. Man's mental faculties do not play him false in thus perceiving and conceiving matter: only, matter has an inner aspect, an inner texture, so to speak, different from its outer.

With further search, man comes to know something of the inner aspect of matter, and though that is so different from the outer, yet each is an aspect of the same reality. These are complementary, not contradictory, aspects; and the mental faculties, which give us both aspects, are one and the same, and are valid both for the search after and the attainment of the truth of the reality of each aspect, also of their unity in any material object. The romance consists in the amazing difference of these two aspects of the one reality.

. . . . . .

In relation to the material, however, this is not the crucial difficulty for man; *that* consists in the fact that he makes the material the first and dominant

reality and value in his life. This is fatal. The theoretical materialist leaves man no spiritual values; the practical materialist, the man who makes the material his pursuit and his passion, reverses the order of realities and values, and thereby loses his own soul, himself. One man or woman is of more value than the whole material order.

To make second things first, and so reverse the order of realities and values, is the tragedy of mankind; the doing so is not an illusion, it is a delusion. That which really challenges us is the spiritual: we feel, we know, that there is spirit within us; that we are spirits.

Need we say that if a man does not realize this, it will be all but impossible to convince him by reasoning alone that he is such ! If he is a materialist through and through in thought and feeling, no mathematical or logical proof can be given that will be absolutely convincing that he is spirit —that in ancient words: " There is a spirit in man, and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth them understanding." In these words we have the intuition and affirmation of a man of an earlier day, and the intuition and affirmation are ours to-day. We are assured that consciousness, emotion and will are spiritual; that they are neither material nor the products of the material, and that we are

persons, who unify these elements within personality; that however profound and mysterious are the depths of personality, we are here, and are spirits.

Let us illustrate at once the reality and the romance of spirit. I say to myself: I will lay down this pen and will rise and walk. Immediately I have set in motion and in co-ordination an army of a million. I do not know the individuals in that army; I do not understand all their positions and relations; for they are the army of the particles of my body. Yet instantly, despite my ignorance of them, and how I command them, they all obey my will, and I rise and walk. This is the commonplace of reality, and it is also romantic to a degree.

Or again, I say: I will recall the past. Immediately a gallery of pictures, of places and events, of men and women, some long dead, appears to my vision, and accompanying them, inseparable from them, are emotions of all degrees of pleasure and of sadness. From *whence* I have called them, and *how* I have called them, and *how* they present themselves to me, I cannot tell. We call it memory, and let it rest there; but it is a reality, and again it is a romance exceeding the romancer.

And the deeper we search within ourselves the stronger is our sense and conviction of the unseen

as the absolute reality; that the very breath of our being is the spirit within us. Thus we find that we are at once free and dependent. That we are dependent is everywhere pressed upon us; we are dependent upon nature and our fellow-men; everywhere and always we find ourselves conditioned. And yet we know, and have experience, that we have freedom, that we can direct ourselves amid all these limitations and conditions, or, more accurately, we know that the power is within us, if only we would exert ourselves.

And again, we are conscious of our limitations and of our liberty, and conscious also that there is One who is absolutely free; perfect in His wisdom, power, and love, and we know that we can enter on His service, which is perfect freedom.

Thus we come to the fact that this sense of limitation and dependence in some form or other is universal among men, and is known and named by them Religion. Because we are spiritual, we are religious beings. This has always and everywhere been true of man. One of the most significant proofs of this is found in literature. The most ancient literature the world possesses is religious literature. The "Creation" and "The Flood" stories of ancient Babylon; The Egyptian "Book of the Dead"; the earliest literature of the Hindus no

less than that of the Hebrews—all are religious literature. *We may say with equal truth and romance that man was literary, because he was religious; the religious impulse led to literary expression. Literature is the offspring of Religion.*

Thus we have reached the point that man is at once a spiritual and religious being. And even the scientific man to-day realizes this, and the unbiased student of "Comparative Religion" realizes also that Christianity is the most distinctive and the highest religion known to man. If we grant this, we have accepted the reality of Revelation; that God has revealed Himself to man through man's spirit and experience. And we find this revelation to be reality and wonder of the highest order; for revelation comes to man from God, that is its supernatural aspect; and it is conditioned by man's individuality and experience, that is its natural aspect; revelation is psychologically and experientially conditioned. With Christ and Christianity came the fulness and the fruition of revelation. God, as the Son, Jesus Christ, revealed Himself in human life as the God of righteousness, love, and grace, and so revealed righteousness, love, and grace as the supreme realities and regulative values for the individual and for mankind.

We were in danger of forgetting these things—

some even now deny them; by the tragic teaching of War we have been recalled to the realities and values which abide, and these are God, and man's relation to God, and righteousness and love; and we are realizing afresh that human life has dignity, strength, and beauty, as men and nations seek God and righteousness and love, and so have peace as their precious and permanent possession.

Principles are prophecies; and history always and everywhere proves that unrighteousness and un-neighbourliness lead to disintegration and death, and that righteousness and neighbourliness are the very life-blood of mankind. "Righteousness exalteth a nation, and sin is a rebuke"—a disgrace and a disaster "to any people." This may be smiled at as a commonplace; but the commonplace is the fundamental and the vital in human experience. The wise are never afraid to recall and emphasize the commonplace; for by these things men live, and in them is the life of the Spirit.

CHAPTER X

TO-DAY—MOVEMENT

"MOVEMENT," he said one day, "is everywhere and always; it is the most obvious feature in the life of our time: ours is the age of movement. The 'motor' and the 'cinema'—both words mean movement—and the 'aeroplane' are heard and seen everywhere; even in rural districts in England one is awakened out of reverie by the hum of the aeroplane circling overhead."

And yet it is not long since there was neither motor, nor cinema, nor aeroplane; only a generation ago they were not, and as for "flying" and "wireless" they are but of yesterday.

Assuredly the youth of to-day must regard us of middle age and older as "Antiques," if not even "Antediluvians."

Such is our fate, and our phlegm is such that we, the antiques, are not cast down: youth and age may live to see things more strange than these: while we admire we hope.

Indeed some of us at times cast a longing look towards the age when these things were not; long for a day of Old Father Leisure.

Here is a glimpse of such a time in the 16th century. The picture comes to us from Italy, from the mountain palace of the Duke of Urbino, which still stands in solitary strength and beauty.

The courtiers had met in the afternoon, and the conversation turned on Beauty—"spoil of the victorye of the soul." They talked the livelong night, till day broke, and this is how Castiglione describes the scene at dawn: "Then everie man arose upon his feete with much wonder . . . and not one of them felt any heavinesse of slepe. . . . When the windows then were opened on the side of the Palaice that hath his prospect towards the high top of Mt. Catric; they sawe alredye risen in the East a faire morninge like unto the colour of roses, and all starres voided save onely Venus, from which appeared to blowe a sweete blast, that filling the air with a bytinge cold, began to quicken the tunable notes of the pretty birdes among the hushing woods of the hill at hande. Whereupon they all, taking their leave with reverence of the Dutchesse, departed toward their lodgings without torche, the light of the day sufficing" (*The Renaissance*, Edith Sichel, pp. 138, 139.)

One feels in this at once the breath of the morning, and the serenity of the spirit of man.

And here is a picture of a modern date, and though of another order of life, not without its own charm, I think.

A good many years ago now I visited a Scottish village in warm, sunny weather; Scotland is not always the Frozen North of the Saxon's lively imagination!

In the immediate foreground was the village, composed of picturesque cottages, well built of good stone, and not far distant one saw lying in the sunshine a fine stretch of water, a small lake or loch, famous for its trout fishing.

The background was formed of strong hills, some green and pastoral, others covered with heather, and their summits capped with soft, fleecy clouds. On the sunny side of a cottage I saw men, not women, stand leaning with their backs against the wall, tranquilly talking for two hours at a stretch: their speech sounded soft and slow: they were unhurried folk, and Old Father Leisure was their familiar and their friend.

I have little doubt that now all that is changed, and the villagers there move briskly, and are well accustomed to the rush of the motor, the hum of the aeroplane, and visit the "Cinema," and some

of them "listen in" for two hours of an evening, instead of leaning against the wall for that space of time in the sunshine: Father Leisure has forsaken them and us.

What everyone sees and shares in to-day is movement, in earth and sea and air all is mechanical movement. Of a certainty it is all very interesting; but is it an unmixed good for men?

Of recent years there has been a great increase in the rate and the range of man's movements, and so an increased strain on his physical and nervous system. Look at two such cities as London and New York, and as one who has lived long in London, and a short time in New York, one can bear witness to the almost ceaseless mechanical movement with its accompaniment of noise, and to the consequent strain on the physical and nervous systems.

I remember speaking to a company of journalists in Philadelphia and saying that the most perfect description of our age in the fewest words was to be found in the Bible in the words: "Many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased"; all agreed; there was no voice of dissent. But I question if Daniel foresaw the strain on men and women of this running to and fro, and increase of knowledge. It is this strain which causes one to

wonder if all this movement, so lauded by many, is an unmixed good.

Are rapidity of movement and intensity of physical and nervous strain parts of the true ideal of life: is it thus we attain more and more unto the good, the true, the beautiful: is it thus that the morning of life is for us the day-spring from on high, and the evening suffused with light richer in tone and substance than the morning; a splendour and a glow that melt into the light of eternity ?

Movement, continual change of place and pastime, has become a passion with the multitude; they forget the Roman poet's wise reflection: "that a man may cross the seas and the mountains, but he carries himself with him: (caelum non animum mutant qui trans mare currunt" (*Horace*, Ep. 1, 2, 27).

Outward change of itself does not bring inward peace: movement alone is not a balm for the spirit of man: peace is a possession of personality: the balm of Gilead is prepared and administered by the Physician of Gilead.

I foresee certainly that to this may be opposed the view that what is supreme is not length, but fulness of life, and that modern life is full life. But what do we mean by fulness of life? Movement in a "vacuum" is easier and swifter than movement through matter:

do we mean by fulness of life, rapidity of movement? This is really the position taken, when fulness of life is identified with rapid movement of life, and our answer is that such life may be largely movement through emptiness.

Fulness of life for man is inward and intensive; it is fulness of true emotion, of thought on things worthy of thought, and most distinctively fulness of the life of the spirit in relation to the things that are seen, and that are unseen. In these things is the life of the spirit of man, and by these he lives.

. . . . . .

And now let us look at another aspect of movement in relation to the affairs of common life.

We are become so absorbed in movement that *thinking* is largely a lost art; whereas thinking is a quality of every normal human being, and as such ought to be exercised by them.

All the people read, read something; but so few of us think: reading worthy of the name is nourishment for thought, but so many read simply, as Hamlet read: "Words, Words, Words": they do not assimilate their reading as food for thought, and so their minds become flabby and anæmic:

reading is universal; thinking has retired to the cell.

Thinking is not of the nature of flashlight photography—though at rare moments intuitions do flash within the mind—thinking is much rather the painter's art, who with long travail of spirit and labour of eye and hand builds up his picture into a unity of feeling and thought and beauty.

Like the painter the thinker learns to think through travail and toil of mind, and the attainment of a true thought is the attainment of a thing of beauty and joy.

We do not exaggerate when we say that multitudes shun the toil of thinking, and are even afraid to think; for thought leads to the facing of facts, however painful, and finally to the facing of the things of the spirit of man, whose issues are man's Destiny.

Since the "War" one of the popular cries has been: "Let us have the facts": but how few will make the effort of thought to have the facts, the inward, spiritual facts, which are supreme and regulative of the life of individuals and nations!

Yet it is with the few who face the facts of man's personality and life that the hope of the future lies.

To them has come a divine discontent with the errors and failures of the Past and Present, and the vision of a new and nobler Future, which they hold to be within the reach and grasp of men and women of good hearts and mind and will.

Movement, then, is a characteristic and function of human life, but it is not along the lines of mechanical and physical movement that the highest good of man is attainable; it is vital movement that is supreme for man; and by vital, we mean movement within the personality of man; the rhythmic movement of his finite spirit to ever fuller communion with the Infinite Spirit, in whom we live and move and have our being.

Men should realize more easily and more clearly now than ever the essentially unseen nature of the greater part of man's experience. Science teaches that the greatest power known to us is electric and invisible; that electricity is non-material; "the electron is not matter, but something finer grained and endowed with fundamental qualities which distinguish it from any of the known kinds of matter." (Prof. Soddy, *Matter and Energy*, p. 169).

And the thinker who endeavours beyond this will venture to affirm that there are other two regions, which are also non-material and invisible, and distinct

from electricity, and of a higher order; and these are Life and Spirit; and so of these two latter we say that "the things that are seen" are temporary while the things that are unseen are eternal.

If we accept this position—and I would persuade all of its reasonableness—we see that three elements in our experience are non-material and invisible, while one only is material and visible.

Surely it is strange that the one visible element, just because it is visible, should exert such a spell and a power over us!

Beneath the material is the non-material, is the electron, which *may* yet prove to be the basis from which the material is derived; and deeper and wholly non-material is Life; and deepest and most mysterious, yet lord of all, is Spirit.

If we think resolutely we find that we are embodied spirits moving about among material things; and because the material is the visible it imposes itself unduly upon us, and so we largely fail to realize and live the life of the Spirit, which is our heritage, the ideal set before us, the light of all our seeing, and the goal of all our seeking.

My final reflection on Movement is for those who may be willing to ponder it: I now hold that Time is our mental picture of the process which

we call Movement: that Time does not condition our Thought, that Time is itself a mode of thinking: when Movement was not, Time was not, Eternity was.

CHAPTER XI

"CIRCUMSPICE!"

"AN age," he said on another occasion, "is the complex product of the emotions, ideas and activities of the people who live in it, and of the conditions of life which they have inherited, conditions which they may accept, or modify, or even transform; men and women constitute for themselves their age for better for worse, as may be."

An age receives its characteristics and activities from the groups who live in it, from their relations with and influences on each other.

Thus in our age and in our land—and the grouping is meant to be neither cynical nor humorous—we find the Aristocrats with a considerable infusion or intrusion of the very wealthy; the wealthy, a small group comparatively; the Middle Class, Upper and Lower—it is their own classification—and the Multitude, that is more distinctively the hard-handed workers in town and country, with their conditions of life varying from comfort to poverty.

When we contemplate these groups and their relations, and realize that what is vital in each and all is emotions and ideas, strivings and efforts, noble or ignoble, we see with all clearness how complex a conception and reality is presented to us by "an age."

Now in these groups, if we are at all able to interpret the facts, we find certain things common.

And first we find a pervading and persistent interest in and pursuit of pleasure.

Of course the criticism can at once be passed that "Moralists" in every age have complained of too much devotion to pleasure, as characteristic of the many. But the fact remains that the Moralists had facts and their consequences on their side: there is no age in which too many were not given to the pursuit of pleasure; but the number of the pleasure-seekers has varied throughout the ages, and in their number and in the intensity of their pursuit we find one of the weaknesses and dangers of an age.

We have multitudes given to pleasure, and one result is that we have too slight a margin of economic resources for initiative and development for the present and the future: we are too largely expending our material resources on present gratification, and so fresh developments are impossible for us. Without material resources for development a

nation remains for a time stagnant, next comes regression, and, if there is not a rebirth of the nobler, the end is disintegration and disappearance.

In writing thus I am no voice crying in the wilderness; our generation will not perish for lack of knowledge on this matter: there are not a few warning voices; but the voices though heard are not listened to by the multitude.

Our pleasures to-day are not our recreations, but the preoccupations of our lives. It is an old cry, " Panem et Circenses," " Bread and the games of the circus "; but it is full of meaning and warning for every age.

And there is another and more poignant aspect of this, and that is the waste of personality, the wastefulness of this for the spirit of man.

In this connection one recalls the memorable passage in " Evelyn's Diary," on the death of Charles II: " I can never forget the inexpressible luxury and profaneness, gambling and dissoluteness, and as it were total forgetfulness of God (it being Sunday evening), which this day se'night I was witness of; the King sitting and toying with his concubines, Portsmouth, Cleaveland and Mazarine, etc.; a French boy singing love songs in that glorious gallery, whilst about twenty of the great courtiers and other dissolute persons were at Basset round a

large table, a bank of at least £2,000 in gold before them: upon which two gentlemen that were with me made reflections with astonishment. Six days after, was all in the dust."

And next there is the materialistic attitude of heart and mind characteristic of many, the greater number indeed, in these groups; and that is the conviction, and conduct corresponding, that man lives by bread alone and by the things of the senses; that the spiritual is not a reality, that only the things that men eat and drink, and see and handle are real.

Men and women, who cherish ideals intellectual and artistic, moral and spiritual, are to be found in the groups; but they are so few relative to the multitude of materialists.

The student of history knows that such materialism is fatal to men and nations in the longer or shorter day: such materialism is like dry rot in timber; if not rooted out, it ends in the destruction both of the material and spiritual resources of the nation; "where there is no vision the people perish."

It appeals to one as strange that in a period when science is moving towards the position that all phenomena, all "the observable" has its origin in that which is non-material, that practical materialism should so abound in our midst; that there should

be such a contrast, such a contradiction even between the mental and the practical in daily life.

Psychologically the position is quite clear; the intellect is not the most powerful factor in life: the emphasis in life rests on the emotions; and the activities of life are wisely directed only when head and heart co-operate, the heart as dynamic, the head as directive.

Again there is a third characteristic of our age, which is distinctive rather of the hard-handed workers than of all classes of the community, and that is a keener realization than ever before of the defects and disparities of the past and present constitution of society; a discontent which is not mere discontent, but something nobler, a sense not alone of defects and disparities, but an effort to abolish these, and to establish better relations among men and nations.

As one who for some forty years has worked with and for the hard-handed toilers, I have deep sympathy with them in their experience of life, in that they have little or no margin left for the amenities of life.

I do not complain of men and women having to work in the hardness of their hands, and in the sweat of their brows; what does grieve me is the fact that for so many the absolutely necessary is all that is

obtainable, and that the something more, which redeems life from being merely the workshop for the necessary, which transforms it from being merely a pasture-ground into a pleasaunce, is the heritage of the few, and not the possession of all.

I grant cheerfully that in all work that is done heartily, done with spirit there is not only happiness, but joy even; and with equal cheerfulness I grant that, if we do not find happiness in our work, however humble and homely, we are failing to realize at once the nature and ideal of human life: drudgery and slavery are not inherent in work; they are in ourselves; work never makes us slaves, the slavery is in ourselves.

But, while this is so, I ask for us all the margin that leads into the pleasaunce.

Life for the individual and the nation is not alone a matter of economic success and plenty; our economic and social system ought to be such *that life itself is realized;* that personality should have the opportunity for enlargement and enrichment; the wealth of life is the abundance of life.

My experience of life is now long and varied, and I rejoice to give my witness that, on the whole, we are nearer to the pleasant land than when I was a boy: I rejoice that there is a distinct consciousness now in the Multitude of the necessity and value

of such economic and social conditions of life as shall enable all to live humanly and humanely.

The emphasis at present rests on the economic and social to the neglect of the moral and spiritual factors. Let us hope that this is a temporary phase, largely a reaction arising from past and present conditions, and that Society as a unity will speedily realize that the emphasis must rest, if the individual and the community are not to pass and perish, on the moral and spiritual.

Faith and Hope, Love and Courage are not effete in our age, and by their travail we should move out of the gloom into the light of a new and fairer day.

In the fifth century, when Rome fell with such a crash, many thought that the end of civilization had come, that mankind would perish among the ruins; but out of the ruins emerged slowly the nations of Europe, and with them the civilization of the modern world, which, despite its defects and failures, is the best the world has yet seen.

At the dawn of the Renaissance and at the Reformation men did not so much say: "Lo, here, and Lo there is a new thing!" but rather they felt and experienced a changed temper of mind, a changed attitude which was a source of fresh thought and activities. So there is with us a new age; its potencies and activities are not yet matured, they

are not yet actualities; but the dayspring from on high has visited us.

I have seen in the grey dawn the clouds piled heavily on the mountain summits; soon the clouds began to unfold, to uncoil themselves; there was the breath of the morning, and then a shaft of light from the rising sun struck through them, and the clouds became light and vapoury: they vanished and the sunshine passed down the rugged sides of the mountains, and the valleys were filled with light; such would be my vision for our age.

Otherwise it might be that the drama of history is moving towards the last scene of all; that the night is far spent and the day is at hand; that

> "The cloud capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
> The solemn temples and the great globe itself,
> And all which it inherits, shall dissolve."

And then all will be new; heaven and earth and they that inherit them: all new!

CHAPTER XII

AFTERWARD AND BEYOND

Lately I walked from Ypres along the Menin road, that town and road of tragic and pathetic memories; I came to one of the many cemeteries that lie around the town, and I entered it with bared head and humble heart.

On the first wooden cross on which I gazed, I saw the words: "To an Unknown British Soldier"; and, immediately, I recalled the name and the fate of a young friend, a lad of noble and gracious character and conduct; he fell on a day and in a way which remain unknown.

The next cross bore the name and the date of a young soldier from my native city, and under his name and the date of his death, were the words: "See Psalm 23: 4th verse": the words are: "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me."

Such is war for young manhood!

Again I stood on a height, and gazed long at the Menin Range, and the area of country between me and it, and I recalled that here alone some 250,000 of our men died. I remembered the fathers and mothers I knew, whose sons died there ; and their tears and agony, when I tried to express to them my sympathy, and endeavoured to comfort them.

Such is war for fathers and mothers !

I walked through Ypres, and viewed with poignant regret the fragments of torn walls left standing, the mounds of dust and debris that once were the Cathedral and the Cloth Hall; and again I saw villages and homesteads in ruins. I gazed on shell-holes, on "pill-boxes," helmets and barbed wire ; on a blasted countryside.

Such is war in its effects on a country and its people !

On the evening of that day I recalled the afternoon of August 3, 1914, when I sat in the House of Commons and listened to Sir Edward Grey, as he then was, making his fateful speech, which declared war to be inevitable for us, and how I came out into Whitehall to a sombre sky and a vast and subdued crowd of people, and I felt exceeding sorrowful. For the next four years I walked in the paths of service, and in the valley of the shadow of death.

Such is war in its psychological aspect!

I am living and working here in London, sharing in all the difficulties and perplexities and suffering which have followed the War. I fail to find any material good which the War has brought us, or the nations; at present I find only loss, and I find it extremely difficult to realize any resultant mental, moral, or spiritual good. I am not prepared to deny that there may be such; I find the conditions of life so complex, meanwhile, that I cannot trace results with anything like certainty. But the appalling loss of life, and the agony that human hearts endured during and since the War, and the enormous material losses to the nations, are sufficient, one would hope, to burn into the consciousness of mankind the folly and futility of war.

I do not expect that mankind yet awhile will wholly abandon war, but as a lover of his kind one hopes and prays that those who in the past have been called the "Great Powers" will abandon this frenzied and ferocious resort, and will eliminate the causes of war by cherishing righteous and neighbourly relations toward each other, and toward all peoples.

Facts, I think, warrant me in saying that the industrial workers in every Western nation—and not least the women—have realized as never before

the disastrous and deadly results of war, economically and in family life, and are resolving to make their influence powerful in the political sphere: the workers now hate war. And again, the number of those who cherish nobler ideals of the aims and destiny of mankind is increasing, *and with the new vision come new values.*

The true conception of human personality and history, rightly taught, should, one hopes, raise up a generation who will relegate war to the limbo of a barbarism of the past; a generation and generations who will look back with astonishment and pity on the extraordinary fact that it took mankind so many millenniums of tragedy to learn truths so obvious and necessary for the well-being of mankind. The student of history and lover of his fellow-men cannot but mourn the fact that the race learns so slowly and at such an appalling cost. It is for us who have seen the new vision to cherish the new values, and to have faith that the night is far spent, that the day is at hand, and so to live that "all the trumpets shall sound for us on the other side."

It may be that I shall live to have further experiences, and endeavour to interpret them. I am not yet an ancient, a Nestor among my fellows; but I am no longer young; my face and my path are

toward the sunset; my light is now evening, not morning light. My hope is that I may find the sunset not less beautiful than the light of the morning.

The richest light I have ever seen was the light of a sunset in a Swiss valley, with a lake resting under the shadow of the mountains, while they were all a golden glory; and once again at Rome, while gazing across the Campagna to the Sabine Hills melting into rose mist and lapis lazuli. . . .

I know that I have to face the last and greatest adventure of all, the adventure of Death. On the whole, I believe with the wise man of old, when he wrote: " Better is the day of a man's death, than the day of his birth." To die becomingly is more to be desired than to be well born.

Death has for years now appealed to me as the most fascinating of all adventures. The fascination of every adventure lies chiefly in the unknown, and in this death excels. Who knows, with the knowledge of actual experience, what lies beyond death ? Many of us have faith and hope, and these bring us inward peace and strength; but we do not profess to know with the knowledge of experience; the " Beyond " remains for us one among a multitude of God's secrets.

For myself, I am inwardly persuaded that death

will be the opening of the door into the realm of the real. I have always, even from childhood, been affected from time to time with a poignant sense of the secondary reality of the sensible and the material around me. I have on occasions even had the experience of all the outward having vanished from me, and I left alone with reality: there was no material world; yet I *was*. The experience has something of the nature of "the uncanny" in it; none the less, it is a quickening and very real experience.

Now I anticipate, that this will be our experience in "the Beyond." When we have passed, we shall have an intense and inevitable sense of reality, of spiritual reality. There will be no covert, no hiding-place from this, the presence and sense of the real; nothing material will remain to soften the sense of the real, or to hide us from it.

To those who have never courted the acquaintance and fellowship of spiritual reality, this will be a most startling and tragic experience. To be within absolute reality in nakedness of spirit will be THE AWAKENING.

For others of us this experience will be our blessedness. We have for long felt that here we are pilgrims and strangers, walking amid the transient and the temporary; then we shall be at home

in the real; then at length we shall be satisfied. And the real for us will be no abstraction, no emptiness; the real for us will be the immediate Presence of God in Christ Jesus.

We do not know what shall be around us; that is beyond our present ken, but we know the essential, the reality; we know that we shall see Him as He is. Time and space and their limitations are part of our consciousness and experience here and now; no such limitations will be there. There we shall have life, and have it in its intensity and abundance.

If we have laid hold of reality now, hereafter our reach will be all but infinite. The life of the man or woman who has laid hold of the real, the spiritual in Christ, will be an eternal progress, an eternal becoming. Life will be increasingly the intensity of the consciousness of reality and blessedness in the life of fellowship with the Triune God —God, the Father, God, the Son, and God, the Holy Spirit, the One God of an infinite and ineffable Majesty, grace and glory, peace and joy.

Herein I do not presume to interpret the feelings of others, or to suggest what may be their particular outlook. I freely admit that my own feelings and outlook have grown out of a strong Christian environment, confirmed by a definite spiritual experience. Should anyone deem me presumptuous

in what I have written, then I am content to say that, with my conception of the high calling of God in Christ, and with my assurance of the covenant faithfulness of our Father in Heaven, I cannot but rest in a confidence which at once lights up the eternal future, and invests what might be a doubtful problem with the fascination of an adventure both grand and glorious. "Now we know in part; then shall we know even as also we are known."

I have written thus briefly of the transcendent; for I am not sure how many have climbed the hill by the same path, and have had the same vision. But, after all, the precise path matters little; there are as many paths as there are climbers up the hill of God: it is the climb and the view: the climb and the view, there is the splendour and there the joy.

BRISTOL : BURLEIGH LTD. AT THE BURLEIGH PRESS

THEOLOGY LIBRARY
CLAREMONT, CALIF.

BV
4501
S74

Souper, William.
A man from the rocks and heather. Lond
J. Clarke [19--?]
110p. 20cm.

1. Souper, William. 2. Christian life.
I. Title.

CCSC/mmb

A 17760